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CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE—ARTIST

As a man's work is nothing but an expression of his personality, because a man can give out nothing more and nothing less than what is inside of him, all creative work is in the nature of a personal revelation. But people have never been satisfied with this much; they want the details. So we are all supplied with a mass of minute knowledge as to what millionaires, actors, and occasionally poets and painters eat, drink, and wear. It is all very fine to talk about a man's work being enough in itself, and to pretend that that is all one wants to know about a world's worker, but one cannot dodge human nature, and a little gossip now and then is relished by the wisest men.

In one way it is slightly confusing at times to be well acquainted with people who "do things," and in some cases it is a distinct loss. Although I myself have seen Edwin Booth's lovely daughter pale and tense with emotion during a performance of "The Fool's Revenge," she was a sensitive, and her father was a genius. She was only the exception that proves the rule; it is hard to sit in a front row and see a man that you have

lunched with tear a passion to tatters—in dresses and wigs that are old friends, too—without giving way occasionally to an inward grin.

For this reason it is no pleasure to know a worker in the arts unless he is a good one, unless one *knows* that he believes in what he is doing. Even if he is only trying, with very small success, to achieve an end, one can love him and patiently wait for years, if necessary, for him to emerge from his struggles, but if there arises between you the least suspicion that either is "faking" in his work, that delicate thread, complete faith in a man's taste, that pulls one toward a personality with powerful, irresistible force, and yet is as sensitive to all changes as a magnetic needle, snaps instantly. A friendship really based on this faith can withstand legal and moral delinquencies, and yet wither in a night, if anything approaching



CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE
By Himself.

insincerity becomes apparent, even in the slightest degree, in the work of either friend. One must be convinced of absolute sincerity.

Charles W. Hawthorne is the sort of a man one can pin one's faith to, and then go off to Tahiti for the rest of one's life. He makes mistakes—who doesn't?—except those people who are too



BOY WITH BOWL
By Charles W. Hawthorne

timid to go ahead and do anything definite; but on the other hand, he makes no pretense of knowing all there is in art. The very fact that one sometimes gets from his work an impression that he is still feeling his way makes all the more delightful the enjoyment one gets from some of his particularly fresh and spontaneous bits of painting, such as may be seen in some of the heads shown in the illustrations accompanying this article. I don't know one of the accomplished, brilliant, "know-it-all" fellows who could have done them, they are so fresh, so naïve, so right from the

heart. Artist's struggles make an old story for an art magazine, and I am going to incur Hawthorne's displeasure by putting this incident in here (he isn't going to see the proof of this article). I often think of and laugh at one of his adventures which came out one night while we were wandering in Central Park—Hawthorne is not garrulous. He nearly met his fate one day, when he first came to New York, at the hands of a barrel of molasses or sugar or something. He was a tall, big-boned, lank Maine "boy"



ANTIQUE MARBLE SARCOPHAGUS
Example of Roman Work



(he is a good deal that way still), and as he was strong and a good base-ball player, and had all the muscles that that game requires, and as he found it necessary to do something at once, he took the first work he could get. It happened to be a "job" rolling barrels full of heavy things up a long gangway from a wharf to a steamer. Not knowing all the tricks of the trade, to be learned only by experience, he had an extra heavy barrel almost to the top when it got beyond his control, stopped, and began slowly, and then of course very



OLD DUTCH FOLK
By Charles W. Hawthorne

swiftly to roll down again, with Hawthorne in its track. The image of Hawthorne scrambling, sliding, running with his long legs to get away from that barrel always amused me, but it was a close call for Hawthorne, and he looked out for less strenuous employment, found it; walked in the park (Manhattan Islander's only approach to solitude); planned his life; went to a night art school; then to Chase's school; became a star pupil; then manager of the school; broke away; started out for himself; and now has a house and a summer school of his own at old Provincetown, on Cape Cod, and one of the most interesting studio-houses in New York in the winter. It is in quaint Macdougall Alley, a block from Fifth Avenue and Washington Square, and is a big room with a gallery, and little rooms tucked up

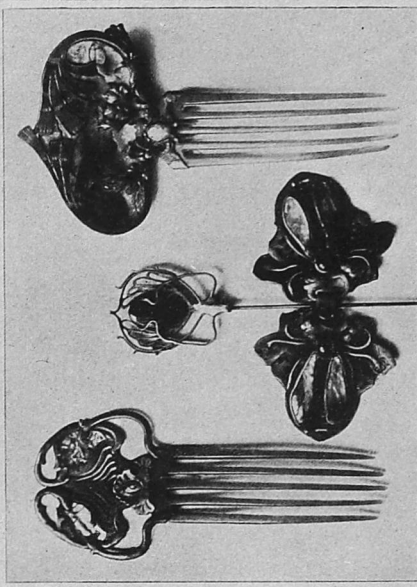
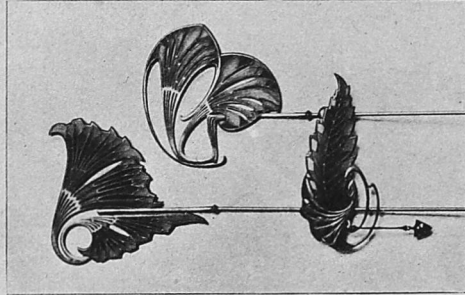
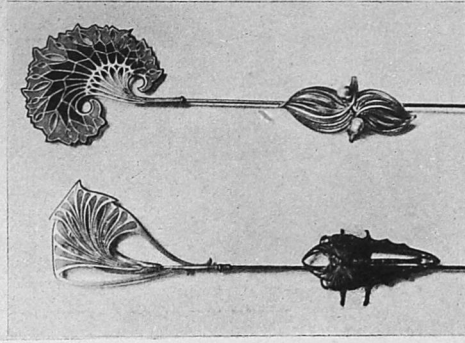
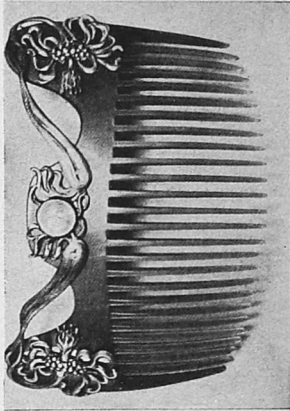
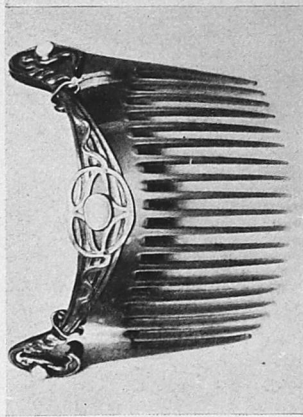
under the roof. There is nothing in particular in the story; until one thinks of how many hundreds of others started out at about the same time to do this very same thing—and didn't.

I overheard in the lobby of a New York hotel the other day a fat, prosperous-looking traveler from the Fatherland saying to an American friend, "The most curious thing I have noticed in your



LABORERS DRINKING
By Charles W Hawthorne

country is that your business men don't seem to have any respect for men engaged in any of the arts." Nevertheless, it takes as level and as hard a head to get along in New York in a studio as it does in a grocery store. For that matter, it takes more; but the point is that Hawthorne's art is based on the same fundamental principles as is a successful business, it is straightforward, honest, truthful work. He is a man's man; he still goes to ball-games, and can carry on a heated discussion in its unintelligible jargon as long as any of the boys after



Figs. 1 and 2, Combs, by C. Boutet de Monvel.

Fig. 3, Neckband, Enamel and Brilliants, by E. Ecalle.

Figs. 4 and 5, Hat-Pins, Ring, and Brooch, Enamel and Gold, by René Beaulair.

Fig. 6, Combs, Clasp, and Hat-Pin, by Paul Emil Mangeant.

a big one. He has no "this style \$11.44" department store Turkish corners in his studios, and never has had one—which is saying a great deal for any artist—and he doesn't smoke cigarettes when he can get a pipe. In short, there is no nonsense about him, he is "all there," and he has a lot in common with life as it is to the ordinary American business man, if he does make his living in a forbidden field.

I don't know whether I want Hawthorne to develop into a big



PORTRAIT OF ARTIST'S MOTHER
By Charles W. Hawthorne

portrait-painter, or a great painter of fishermen and fisher-boys, or a master of still-life—of copper pans filled with slimy, wonderfully painted, iridescent fishes—or whether I most desire him to do more of brilliant land and sea scapes, like a few that he has painted at Cape Cod, white sand, green grass, and blue sky and sea, all bathed in glittering sunlight. I think I'll leave it to him.

J. M. BOWLES.

NOTE.—For other examples of Hawthorne's work, see seven following pages.

THE NECROLOGY OF ART

Eugène Guillaume, the sculptor and academician, and a former director of the Villa Medici at Rome, is dead at the age of eighty-three years. Jean Baptiste Claude Eugène Guillaume was born at Montford, in 1822, and after passing through the college at Dijon went to Paris, where he studied in the École des Beaux Arts under

Pradier, and won the prize of Rome in 1845. When the school was reorganized in 1873, he was appointed to a professorship, and a year later was made a director. Already, in 1862, he had been made a member of the French Institute, and in 1867 an officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1869 he was elected an honorary member of the English Royal Academy. A list of Guillaume's important works would be a very long one. He won the Rome prize with his "Theseus Finding the Sword of his Father," and his sojourn in Italy was signalized by a number of fine classical pieces. His "Tomb of the Gracchi" made a sensation in the London International Exhibition of 1862. This piece, with his "Anacreon," is now in the Luxembourg collection. His statue of the first Napoleon attracted much attention in the Paris exhibition of 1867. Of many other famous works it is only possible now to mention a few, such as



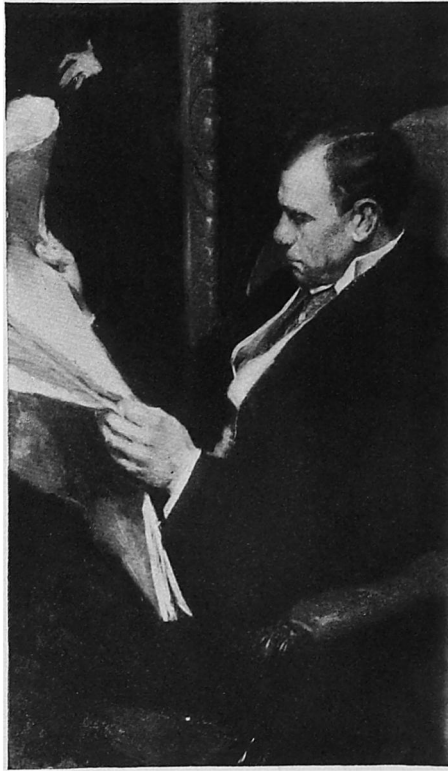
MAN WITH OAR
By Charles W. Hawthorne

"The Lives of Saints Clotilde and Valérie," bas-reliefs, in the Church of St. Clotilde in Paris; the statue of "L'Hôpital," in the Louvre; the monument of Colbert, at Rheims; and a bust of the murdered Monseigneur Darboy. He was sent to Rome as the head of the French Art School there in 1891. For some years he occupied the chair of professor of art history at the College of France.

✿ The death of Charles Connor, the well-known Indiana landscape-painter and member of the coterie of artists known as the "Richmond group," occurred at his country home near Richmond, Indiana, February 15th. "Wet Night in February," one of his best known canvases, was exhibited at St. Louis. Mr. Connor was forty-eight years of age.

✿ Sol Eytinge, the artist, died at his home in Bayonne, New Jersey, recently. He was perhaps the last survivor of that school of black-and-white illustration of which Felix Octavus Carr Darley was the leading exponent. He was born in 1833. He was on the staff of Harper's Weekly for many years, and his pictures of the Southern negro, published during the Civil War, gained him a wide reputation. He was a warm personal friend of Charles Dickens, whose guest he was at Gadshill, and he made the illustrations for "A Christmas Carol" and several editions of Dickens's works.

✿ Professor William C. A. Frerichs, a well-known marine and animal painter, is dead from paralysis at his home on Staten Island. He was born seventy-six years ago in Ghent, and came to America in his youth. While his paintings are to be found among many of the great collections in this country, Professor Frerichs is best remembered as an instructor in art in various schools. After spending a short time in New York, he became an instructor in a North Carolina college in 1854, and at the outbreak of the war went to Charleston. After the war he returned to the North.



PORTRAIT
By Charles W. Hawthorne



BOY WITH FISH
By Charles W. Hawthorne

✿ The French newspapers announce the death, at Roubaix, of François Willème, the inventor of photo-sculpture, a device that made a good deal of stir in the art world about forty years ago. Willème, who had studied sculpture, conceived the notion that by taking a large number of photographs of any object from different points of view it might be possible to get data from which a reproduction of the object could be made with scientific accuracy. He placed a statue, for instance, in the center of a ring of twenty-four cameras, and at a given signal the exposure was made for all at once. The negatives obtained were used to make life-size drawings of the outlines of the object at any one of the given twenty-four points, and the cutting away from a block was done from twenty-four points of the circumference according to these drawings. Great

things were expected of the invention, and living figures were photographed, the process being, of course, far more difficult and expensive than it would be to-day. The final results were wholly disappointing. The camera gives at best only a distorted view of any object, so that instead of one distortion M. Willème had twenty-four. The statues produced from living models proved to be more or less in the nature of caricatures, notwithstanding the expenditure of much money and ingenuity.

✿ Philip Clover, aged sixty-three, a portrait-painter, formerly of Columbus, Ohio, died recently. Clover was well known by the politicians. He painted oil portraits of the late Senator C. L. Magee, the late City Recorder Joseph Owen Brown, the late Superintendent of Detectives John D. Shea of Chicago, the late Mayor W. S. McCarthy, former Chief of Detectives Thomas Byrnes of New York, Roger O'Mara, and Robert Pitcairn. At the time of his death

Clover was painting a portrait of the late President William McKinley. Clover painted the famous picture, "Fatima," which was exhibited all over the country. Another notable painting of Clover's was "The Criminal."

✿ Mrs. Elizabeth Brainard, the well-known portrait-painter, is dead. She was born in Middleboro, and from early childhood evinced a strong desire for things artistic. After elementary work in Boston studios she went abroad and studied with some of the famous Italian painters. She opened a studio in New York when she returned to this country, but after a few years went to Boston to be near her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Homes. She had an apartment in the St. Botolph studios. Among her paintings were portraits of the rectors of Boston College. She was sixty-nine years of age, and a widow, her husband, a Western man, having died about eighteen years ago.

✿ Foreign journals announce the death in Brunn, Moravia, of Felix Jenewein, whom some of his countrymen considered a great genius. He was born at Kuttenberg, Bohemia, in 1857, and studied in Prague and Vienna. For twenty years he devoted himself to historical or religious compositions planned upon a vast scale and full of theatric effect. In 1900 a composition called "The Plague" containing plenty of vigorous drawing, but unbalanced as to subject and color, attracted much attention and provoked discussion. With notoriety, however, came a certain degree of success, and the painter was appointed to the professorship in the art school of Brunn, which he was to enjoy for so short a time.

✿ Professor Siemering, an eminent German sculptor, and



PORTRAIT
By Charles W. Hawthorne

director of the Rauch Museum, at Berlin, has just died in that city, in his seventieth year. He contributed a number of public monuments to the adornment of the Prussian capital, among which his statue of Frederick William I. is best worthy of remembrance. To Philadelphians he is known as the designer of the great Washington monument in Fairmount Park, commissioned by the Society of the Cincin-



CHILDREN WITH FISH
By Charles W. Hawthorne

nati. This is partly modeled upon Rauch's monument to Frederick II. at Berlin, which has called forth marked admiration in Europe.

✿ A Prensa dispatch from Milan announces the death of the sculptor, Eduardo Tabacchi. He executed works chiefly of military subjects, but was best known for his "Hypatia," the "Tuffolina," and his recent figure of the "Preludio."

✿ William Weber, an artist well known in the West, died at his home in Kansas City, Missouri, of typhoid fever, aged forty years. Mr. Weber was born in Germany and came to America when a child. He

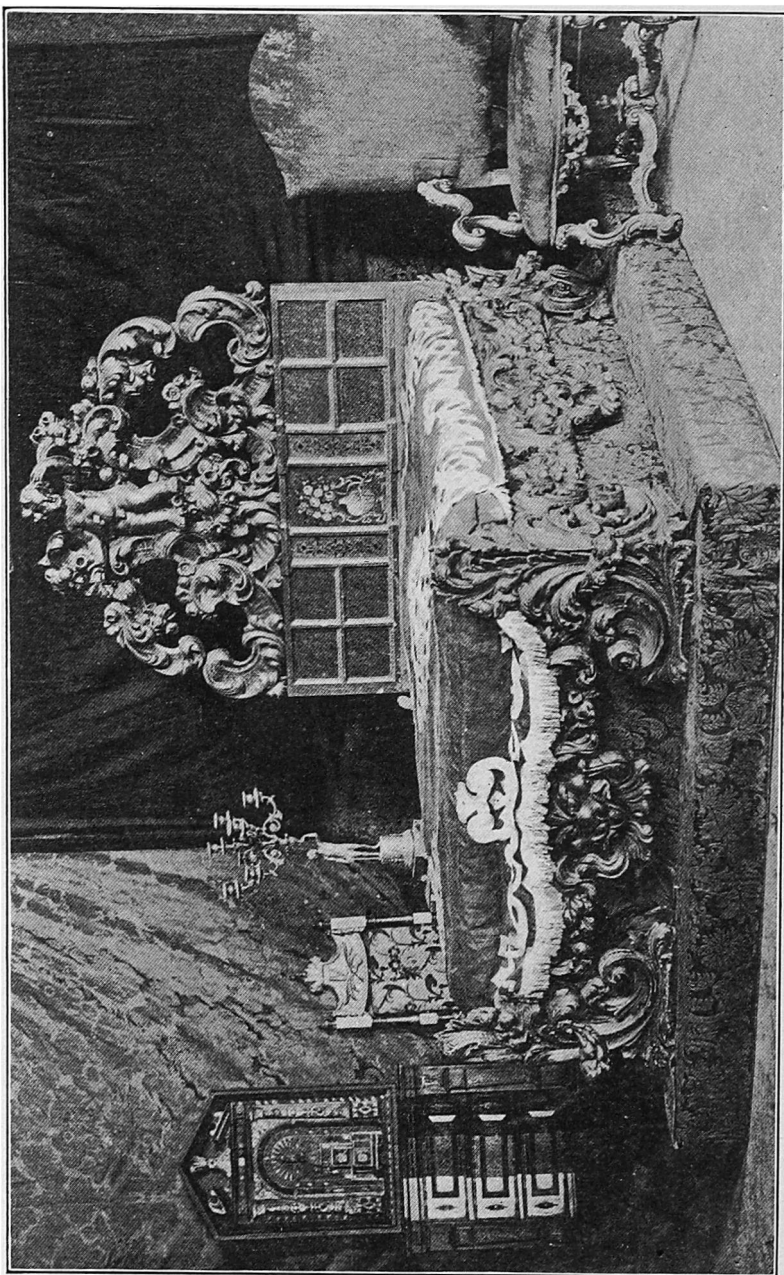
received his first artistic instruction at Peoria, Illinois, and later studied in the Royal Academy at Berlin. At the time of his death he was instructor of drawing in the Kansas City central high school. ✱ Louis Ernest Barrias, the sculptor, died in Paris, February 4. Barrias, member of the Institute, was born in Paris, in 1841, and was a pupil of Jouffroy, Cavalier, and Cogniet. He won the second place



JUNK SHOP

By Charles W. Hawthorne

in the contest for the prix de Rome in 1861 with his 'Chryseis Restored to her Father by Ulysses,' and won the prize itself in 1865 with his 'Foundation of Marseilles.' Soon afterward his busts of Jules Favre and other eminent Frenchmen excited much admiration. Since 1870 he had been a constant contributor to the Paris salon, and many of his successful compositions in reproductions have attained a wide popularity. Among them may be mentioned his 'Oath of Spartacus,' 'Religion and Charity,' 'The First Burial' (Adam, Eve, and Abel), the noble group called 'The Defense of



GRAND CARVED BEDSTEAD
From the Palace of Pesaro, Last Doge of Venice

